

## ODE TO MY CREEK

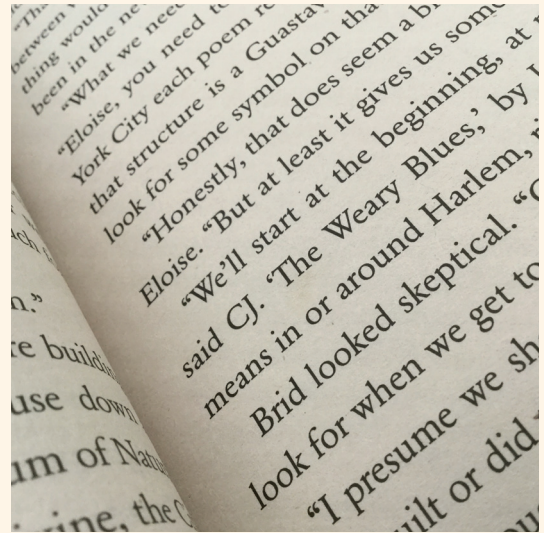
By: Abby Golub



*Going going  
gone  
leaving me with frozen feet  
watching the golden leaves fall effortlessly  
from their perch above  
where they plunge into the roaring whirlpool making  
themselves frozen  
there they get swished around then dunked  
going going  
gone  
they emerge  
6 feet later  
a mouse hops on  
they move together as one  
downstream  
they crash into the bank  
the mouse jumps off  
then the water carries the leaves away  
until they're just a memory  
gone*

## ODE TO WORDS

By: Layla Younis



*Words.  
Scattered.  
But then you fit perfectly together  
to make a perfect sentence.  
The ink of the pen soaking into the paper  
as a new story begins  
that turns into a magical story of wonder.  
You fill up the pages of a blank notebook  
and capture people's thoughts and dreams.  
The way you can hurt and heal,  
the way that you can describe things,  
is deeper than the unfathomable darkness  
in the deepest depths of the ocean.  
You help us express who we are.  
You are a carousel that never stops turning.  
You can be powerful alone,  
but when you come together as one,  
You make a story come to life.*

Above: Students in 7th grade (the class of 2019) wrote odes to celebrate an object that represents something they love to do and pay tribute to it in an exaggerated way. Students showed tremendous growth as writers in their use of figurative language, line and stanza breaks, rhythm, clarity, and the emotion conveyed in their poems. Students also improved their speaking skills by practicing eye contact, posture, pitch, pauses, clarity, volume, and expression in order to perform their poems in a compelling way for the audience.